

A INTERNATIONAL AVIATION CONTEST

Will Be Held in Chicago in August—Greatest Aerialists Are to Compete.

(Palladium Special)

Chicago, June 28.—Representatives of seven great nations have signed contracts to appear at the International Aviation meet to be held in Grant Park, Chicago, August 12-20, negotiations are under way with representatives of four other countries, and the international character of the meet is thereby assured.

England, Switzerland, France and Russia are already represented. Spain, Italy, Austro-Hungary and Germany are merely in abeyance, the contracts with the aviators from these countries being ready and awaiting signatures, either in person or by cable confirmation.

Contest of Nations.

With the whole world sending its best, the coming meet is going to be a contest of the nations, with wizards of the air straining every nerve to win for themselves world-wide fame and to take back to their own countries the trophies which will reward the winners, besides the money.

Roland Garros, the handsome young Frenchman, now contesting in the Paris-London-Amsterdam circuit race, instructed his American representative to affix his signature to a contract.

Tom Sopwith, the English lad who has been called "The King of the Air," and who recently has been winning laurels in this country, promptly signed and said he would be glad to contest for his own glory and that of his country.

Abraham Bogardsky, the daring Russian birdman, will try to take more fame back to Moscow and Russian army and navy aviation experts will be on the ground to watch the flights and learn more of the science.

A familiar figure in aeronautics for many years and now a star in the aviation field is J. A. D. McCurdy, the veteran Canadian, while every American knows and glories in the names of Charles F. Willard, St. Croix Johnson and Arthur Stone.

For the glory of old Ireland John J. Friable, who for twenty-six years made balloon ascensions and parachute jumps without a single accident, will drive his biplane at the coming meet with the same cool daring that made him famous as an aeronaut.

Daredevil Frenchman, Rene Simon and Rene Barrier, daredevil Frenchmen, will share with Garros the fight for France and duplicate their previous wonderful performances.

Edmond Audemars, the Swiss, is one of the youngest and tiniest aviators in the business.

American, French, English and Scotch women are expected at the meet and thus the spectators will see contests which for dogged courage cannot be excelled.

Some of the most daring balloonists and parachute jumpers in the world have been women who have taken up aviation. Some drive biplanes, some monoplanes, but all drive them furiously.

Incidentally this will be the first contest between women aviators in the history of aviation, and the spectacle of several women-birds darting through the air will be well worth seeing.

A Venetian Fashion.

Fashions were no less eccentric four centuries ago than they are today. "Before the streets of Venice were paved (in the thirteenth century)," says Mr. William Bouling in "Woman in Italy," "ladies went through the mud and filth on pattens. The custom was retained, and in spite of sumptuary laws the patten became heightened until women of rank stood on false feet half a yard high in the sixteenth century. They were unable to walk without the support of one or two gentlemen or servants."

A curiosity in banquets is mentioned by the same writer. It was a wedding feast at Milan and consisted of fifteen courses, "each being introduced by living specimens of the animals that composed it."

Tale of a Snake.

"Before he went fishing," said the town story teller, "he swallowed 'bout a pint an' half of snake bite remedy, an' of course you know what that is. Well, after the snake bit him the reptile cut all sorts of capers, kaze the remedy went straight to its head. Last thing it tried to do was to swallow its tail, an' it got itself in the form of a hoop, an' I'm a liar of the children didn't roll it around all day"—Atlanta Constitution.

Her Only Want.

"I have difficulty in satisfying my wife. She has a thousand wants." "I have difficulty in satisfying mine, and she has only one want." "What is it?" "Money."—Baltimore American.

Consistency.

Mother—Aren't you going to wash up them tea things, Marianne, before you go out? Daughter—No, I ain't. I'm late enough for "mother's" "elp" class as it is.—London Opinion.

Modernity.

"Some are so intensely modern that they prefer a Corot to a Rembrandt." "If it's a better hill climber I don't blame 'em. Me for the French car every time."—London Punch.

His Biggest Mistake.

"What was the biggest mistake you ever made?" "Thinking I was too foxy to make a big mistake."—Cleveland Leader.

There is something more awful in happiness than in sorrow.—Hawthorne.

Palladium Want Ads Pav.

Rare Bagobo Art Being Shown • Skill of Tribesmen Marvelous

New York, June 28.—The Bagobo fine art collection, made recently in the homes of that tribe in southern Mindanao by Mrs. Laura Watson Benedict, has just been added to the Philippine exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History, greatly increasing the attractiveness of its representation of the archipelago.

Mrs. Benedict, writing in the current Museum Journal, describes the Bagobo tribe, which numbers only a few thousand persons, and occupies a cluster of villages back from the Gulf of Davao, as a people of much beauty, with clear golden brown skin, earnest wide open eyes, and mobile faces, which change from deep seriousness in repose to sparkling vivacity in conversation. Writing of the pride which the Bagobos took in her collection made with their assistance, Mrs. Benedict says:

Flocked to Her Hut.

"If the Bagobo people could come to New York and see their belongings arranged in a great hall in sight of all visitors, their joy would be undoubted. When I made this collection in the Bagobo country the people came flocking daily to my little nipa hut, less perhaps to see me than to see their own things and identify each other's property, and get current prices on jackets and trousers. That an American should want Bagobo specimens called forth no surprise; rather it seemed to them highly natural that every scrap of Bagobo workmanship, from a richly decorated war shield down to some mean garment, should be sought after and prized.

"On reaching the island I heard on all sides from white foreigners that it was almost hopeless to try to obtain Bagobo objects; that the time was past for such collections. But up to that time no account had been taken of certain emotional interests that had never been appealed to, and that found expression as soon as the big collection began to grow.

There was an undefined pleasure in knowing that over yonder in the senator's house their things were perpetually in contact with other Bagobo things. Now when Atun made the rounds of my little museum and asked the usual questions, "Whose is this?" "How much did you pay for it?" he had a left out feeling if he found nothing that represented himself. But if he could hold up just one article and say, "Kanak" (mine), or "My wife made it," he would give a radiant smile and sit down content.

New Feeling Toward Work.

"Again, there was an appeal to the conservative tendencies of the people. More than one thoughtful Bagobo expressed a lively satisfaction at the prospect of a great Bagobo collection being carefully kept in an American museum forever. When the news spread there awakened a new feeling toward my work. One old woman secretly brought me a rare embroidered scarf, an heirloom that she handed tenderly for her mother had worn it to hold the baby on her hip, and she said that it had carried many babies; that few old women remembered how to do that sort of needlework, and that she would never let it go except that it might always be with the rest of the Bagobo things in America.

"That piece of embroidery was done under conditions hard to comprehend. During the day Bagobo women have little time for fancy stitching, with all the cooking and the long climb to the river for water and the work of the loom; for the weaving must be done by daylight, as no native lamp can illumine the floor space covered by the hand loom. But when darkness falls sewing and embroidery can be done.

A girl or young man fixes a leaf wrapped resin torch in the cleft end of a forked branch that stands on the floor and serves as the native candelabrum. The torch is lighted; promptly the room is filled with pungent smoke that sets a foreign eye to weeping, but the native woman, better adapted, sits stitching, completely absorbed, close to the torch that flares fitfully in the mountain wind coming in gusts through an opening in the palm wall. Presently the flame flickers low until some one pulls down the edges of the green leaf envelope to expose a fresh surface of burning resin to the air. A girl ambitious to finish a new camisa will crouch in that dim light, cutting out tiny applique points and sewing them on from 6 o'clock until after midnight, while the rest of the family and the guests are asleep on the floor in the same room."

Tribes of Artists.

Mrs. Benedict declares that the Bagobos are really an entire tribe of artists, with very limited chances for development. Yet, after all, they have developed their art remarkably, she points out, as her collection shows. The most potent influence in their life, she thinks is the bamboo tree. To that and the betel nut they look for almost everything. Of the setting of their artistic temperament has developed, Mrs. Benedict says:

"When one can step out, cut down a bamboo tree, split it lengthwise, and tie together the sections with rattan to make the house floor, and then sew palm leaves in lengths for the wall; when the furniture of that house consists of a loom, a family altar, a hen's nest and three stones for a stove—then, other things being equal, there may come about an economical situation in which the whole tribe becomes a leisure class, to the extent that although everybody has to work yet every woman and every man has time to give play to artistic impulses.

There, grouped in the mountain villages, fairly isolated from the conquests of Islam, merely grazed by Spanish civilization, the Bagobo people evolved their culture; they worked and played and worshiped and created beauty in rhythmic response to their environment—on, through the long centuries until the shock of the American occupation changed their life, when the demands of labor set up

strange standards of conduct, when the breaking up of mountain homes played havoc of arts and customs which had so slowly and so harmoniously developed.

Excellent Work Done.

"Yet even now some excellent hand-work is done. The arts of the woman—basketry, weaving, dyeing—hold their ground the longest. Particularly in weaving, where the Bagobo woman has attained a high skill in technique, there she continues to produce the classic patterns that she learned from her mother and from her grandmother. From time out of mind men stripped hemp, and women wove it into skirts and jackets and trousers.

The Bagobo songs and ancient tales contain many references to the work of the weaver and to the beautiful textiles. In southern Mindanao the hemp industry grew up naturally enough. Nowhere in the world is there a climate better fitted to the needs of hemp, for there is continued warmth without excessive heat, and gentle daily showers furnish a natural irrigation throughout the entire year. That decorative art should have found its fullest expression in the products of the loom does not seem remarkable to any one who looks at the freshly striped fiber from the stalk of the hemp—creamy white, glistening, strong, pliable; the mere handling makes the manual process a pleasure, and stimulates the woman artist to experiment with this or that new motive."

BAIT FOR THE TROUT.

It Was Taken, Hook and All, but Not by the Innocent Fish.

Senator Frye of Maine, who is an ardent devotee of the piscatorial art, loves now and then to relate a fish story, and he once told of a memorable trip on which Senator Spooner joined him at his choicest trout stream. They had it all arranged, after having called into counsel a reliable fish dealer, and a trustworthy expressman, that a box of trout should arrive every other day at Senator Frye's home to induce the success with which they were casting the fly.

The plan worked beautifully—"of course we caught some, and some we didn't"—but the expressman was fairly regular in the weight of fish forwarded, and the prepaid charges were about the same from day to day. All went well until one day a dispatch came from the Frye domicile:

"Rush two more boxes smoked herring. They are great. Are the salt mackerel running also?" There was a busy time with the wires just then, for the fish dealer had got his orders mixed, and instead of shipping fresh trout to Frye's home he had sent herring, thoroughly smoked. But the senator was equal to the fish caught that day, of course. He hastened his reply:

"You received the bait by mistake. Nothing but smoked herring will ever catch fresh trout, you know."

Senator Spooner concluded the tale truthfully by giving the return message:

"Received the bait and have taken it, hook and all."—National Magazine.

A Jolt For Whistler.

When Whistler, the famous artist, dropped into an English country inn the landlord became very much interested in him. He felt that he had "somebody" in his house. Whistler noted his host's concerned interest. "And who do you suppose I am?" he asked at length.

"Well, I can't exactly say, sir," was the reply, "but I should fancy you was from the music 'alls."

Too Eager.

Sir Henry Irving once had an amusing experience in Glasgow. For the part of the young prince in "Charles I" a little Scotch girl had been engaged. She had been carefully coached, and all went well until she appeared in the poignant scene where Mr. Irving as Charles has an agonizing leave taking with his wife and children and goes out to execution. "Promise me,"



HE HAD BEEN CAREFULLY COACHED.

Charles says to the little prince, "that you will take care of your mother. And swear that you will never let them make you king while your brother Charles is alive," to which the child is supposed to reply, "I'll be torn to pieces first."

On this dreadful night, however, Mr. Irving only got as far as "promise me that you will take care of your mother" when out piped shrilly the annihilating reply, "I'll be torn to pieces first."

A LECTURE GIVEN TO THE SENATORS

By Cummins of Iowa for "Sitting in Silent if Not Sullen Subjection."

(National News Association)

Washington, June 28.—Senator Cummins, of Iowa, offered several amendments to the reciprocity agreement today in the senate. They related to additional concessions from Canada on importations of logs, timber and coal.

Cummins denied any desire of defeat reciprocity and lectured the senators for sitting in silent if not sullen subjection to a higher power and in fear of the future campaign.

The tension that exists in the senate over the reciprocity measure was emphasized by incidents that occurred in the confused proceedings of Tuesday. The session with an unsuccessful attempt by Chairman Penrose of the finance committee to obtain an agreement for a vote on reciprocity July 24, on the wool bill July 26, and free list bill July 28. Friends of reciprocity will insist upon coupling all three measures in any agreement to vote.

After refusing to permit such an arrangement the opponents of the reciprocity bill allowed that measure to advance one important parliamentary step before they realized what had happened. For a quarter of an hour the senate was in executive session. At its conclusion, no one being ready to speak on the measure, Vice President Sherman announced that the bill would be reported from the committee of the whole to the senate.

Advance and Return Bill.

The bill actually passed through all the stages of being reported to the senate before members realized what was going on. While under consideration in the committee of the whole the measure could be amended, but could not be voted upon. In the senate it could be brought to a final vote at any time. Senators Nelson, Bristol, Clapp and Bailey joined in the protest that arose when it was found what had happened to the bill.

At first Senator Penrose objected to having the measure reinstated in the committee of the whole. He said the senate had shown no disposition to hurry in its consideration of the bill, and had rejected his proposal for a definite time for a vote on the measure. He therefore thought no backward step should be taken.

Friends of the bill on the Democratic side, however, led by Senators Stone and Bacon, said the senate had evidently been off its guard, and had permitted the bill to be advanced unintentionally. Senator Penrose finally consented to having it restored to its former status.

Insurgents Fight Voting Date.

The feeling that developed over this incident was not so marked, however, as that which greeted Senator Penrose's attempt to fix a time for the vote on the bills. Insurgents objected to any definite date for the reciprocity vote, and the finance committee was extricated from the embarrassing position of having the other votes determined by an objection from Senator Smoot.

Several Democrats and insurgents would have welcomed the fixing of the other two dates so that the tariff bills could be forced up to President Taft ahead of the reciprocity bill and the latter held back as a means of forcing his signature to the others.

The Penrose request will be renewed from time to time and whenever conditions seem favorable. Ultimately the friends of reciprocity may consent to change the order, allowing the vote on the tariff bills to come first. In this attitude they have the endorsement of the President, who has advised them in individual conferences that, while he does not shrink from consideration of tariff measures, he thinks that reciprocity should come first.

Borah Attacks the Bill.

Senator Borah attacked the reciprocity bill in a speech this afternoon, declaring that the Canadian treaty of 1854 had not been of benefit to the country, and that the Canadians always were seeking an agreement that would admit their natural products to the United States, while it protected their manufacturing interests.

COLLEGES SHOULD WORK FOR LIVING

(National News Association)

Chicago, June 28.—That delegates to the convention of the Catholic Educational Association will adopt a resolution condemning the Carnegie Foundation as a menace to education, was the declaration made by several members of that body when the sessions were resumed today. In a speech the Rev. Timothy Bresnahan, president of Loyola college, Baltimore, declared that the foundation was an "educational trust, quickened by mammon" and declared that a college, like a man should work for its living.

STOCKHOLDERS MET

Stockholders of the reorganized Richmond Electrotyping and Engraving company at the annual meeting elected the following officers: President, Clarence Mote; vice-president, Myron Crane; secretary-treasurer, Albert J. Feeger. Frank Plunkner was retained as superintendent.

SUIT ON ACCOUNT

Suit on account, demand \$229, has been filed in the Wayne circuit court against Sarah A. Snedicker, a well known grocery proprietor by the I. R. Howard company wholesale house.

HAS TYPHOID FEVER

August Knoll of Franklin township is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

For the Children

A Remarkable Dog That Really Speaks Words.



There have been many so called speaking dogs—that is dogs who have been trained to give a certain number of barks to indicate certain wants—but this remarkable dog can really speak, although its vocabulary is limited as yet to about ten words.

The wonderful gift that enables the dog to articulate was discovered quite accidentally by its owner, Herr Hermann Ebers, a German royal gamekeeper. One day the dog was begging at the table and his master asked him (in German, of course), "What will you have?" The dog answered "haben" (have), and since then has been taught eight or nine other words. His name is Don, and this word he can say very distinctly, also "ruhe" (quiet) and "hunger" (hunger). That he can really articulate has been proved not only by the fact that he does speak the words, but also by examination by scientists.

A Smart Trick.

Every child likes to do tricks, and the more mystifying the trick, the better he likes to do it. I will tell you a good one to show to your friends.

Throw a ring or coin into a basin full of water and tell them you are going to recover the object with your hand, but that you will not wet it in the least.

In order so to do it will suffice to sprinkle the surface of the liquid with some powder which has no attraction for the water and will not adhere to it—something that water will not wet. Powdered lycopodium, which you will find in almost every drug store, is just the thing.

Having thrown a half handful of this preparation on the surface of the liquid, plunge your hand in boldly, recover your prey and show the spectators that your hand is as dry as ever it was in your life. The reason of this is that the lycopodium has formed a veritable glove around your hand and fingers, for which the water has not had the least affinity, any more than for the feathers of ducks and other water birds. You know that these may dive into the deep ever so often before your eyes and come up as dry as before, thanks to the peculiar oil secreted by their feathers.—Magical Experiments.

Conundrums.

Who is the most successful surveyor? A king, because he is monarch of all he surveys.

When is an original idea like a clock? When it strikes one.

What cannot be called a disinterested act of hospitality? Entertaining a hope.

When is a silver cup most likely to run? When it is chased.

Why is a man just imprisoned like a boat full of water? Both need balling out.

Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like the mainmast of a ship? Because it's a little ahead of the main batch.

When does a cow become landed property? When turned into a field.

When is a new dress older than an old one? When it is more (moire) antique.

Why is Father Time like a modern boy? Because he travels by cycles (bicycles).

Hoop Games.

The hoop race is a very good game because of the exercise derived from it. Besides being a good runner, the winner in this game must be skillful in the use of the hoop. The players should be allowed to start according to the size of their hoops, as, of course, a large hoop can be bowled faster than a small one. The one who first reaches the goal agreed upon wins the race.

Turnpikes.—This is considered the best of hoop games. The turnpike gates are two small pegs driven into the ground quite close together or two bricks placed side by side a short distance apart.

Half the players have hoops and half have charge of the gates. The players with hoops start off, trundling the hoop slowly or quickly, as they please, and they must pass the hoop through every gate. If the hoop touches either of the gateposts or goes outside them the keeper takes the hoop, while the trundler takes his place as gatekeeper.

Wind Song.

Blowing, blowing everywhere, Blowing clouds so high in air, Turning windmills round and round, With such a creaking, creaking sound,

Making all the trees bend low, Waving grass both to and fro, Drying clothes upon the line, And whirling leaves off tree and vine,

Toasting kites above so high, Sailing, sailing, 'cross the sky, Waving flags with gentle breeze And blowing ships upon the seas.

TALKING OF POLO

The probability that polo will be played in the west this fall is being discussed by some of the enthusiasts and the trend of the sentiment seems to favor the organization of an eight club league again. It is likely that the owners of the rinks suitable for polo, and in cities large enough to support the game, will hold a meeting in September. As yet the agitation has taken no definite form.

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